

SONGS, &c.

THE

MARIAN.

AND

OPERA.

Price SIX-PENCE

4

M. A. R. I. A. N.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

AIRS, SONGS, DUETTS, TRIOS
AND CHORUSSES,

IN

M A R I A N,

A

COMIC OPERA.

IN TWO ACTS.

As Performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L,

COVENT-GARDEN.

The Musick by Mr. SHIELD.

SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N;

Printed for T. C. DELL, in the Strand. 1784.

ALFRED DONO, DUTY FREE
AND CHURCHES

IN

M A R I A M

COMIC OF THE A.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

GOVERNMENT OF THE

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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X

C H A R A C T E R S.

Sir Henry Trueman - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Edward (Lover of Marian) - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Oliver (Father of Marian) - -	Mr. THOMPSON.
Robin (the Boatman) - - -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Jamie (a Scots ribbon merchant)	Mr. FEARON.
Thomas, - - - -	Mr. DARLEY.

Marian, - - - -	Mrs. BILLINGTON.
Patty, - - - -	Mrs. MARTYR.
Fanny, - - - -	Miss PAYE.
Kitty, - - - -	Mrs. BYRNE.
Peggy, - - - -	Mrs. KENNEDY.

Country Men and Women, &c.

*SCENE, A Village near Lincoln—Time, from
Sun-rise to the Evening, late in May.*



(8)

S O N G S, &c.

I N

M A R I A N.

A C T I.

A I R I. and C H O R U S.

Thomas. **T**HE Sun gaily peeps o'er the hills,
Sweet airs from the Jeffamines blow;
Wake Robin, blithe Robin; here's
three pretty maids
A tapping at your window.

Patty. Tap!

Fanny. Tap!

Kitty. Tap!

All. Here's three pretty maids
A tapping at your window.

A I R

AIR II.—*Patty.*

NOW the wint'ry storms are o'er,
 Spring unlocks her verdant store;
 Smiling pleasure crowns the day,
 Sweetly breathes the blushing May.

O'er the daisy painted mead
 Now the wanton lambkins spread;
 Ever playful, ever gay,
 Fond to welcome in the May.

Now responsive through the grove,
 Softer tun'd to spring and love,
 Echo, with her sportive lay,
 Joins our carols to the May.

A I R. III.—*Marian.*

BY the osiers so dank
 As we sat on the bank
 And look'd at the swell of the billow;
 This basket he wove,
 As a token of love,
 Alas! 'twas the branch of the willow.

Now sad all the day
 Through the meadows I stray,
 And rest flies at night from my pillow;
 The garland I wore
 From my ringlets I tore,
 Alas! must I wear the green willow?

A I R.

AIR IV.-- *Sir Henry.*

To the chace, to the chace; on the brow of
the hill

Let the hounds meet the sweet-breathing
morn;

Whilst full to the welkin, their notes clear and
shrill,

Join the sound of the heart cheering-horn:
What musick celestial! when urging the race,
Sweet Echo repeats "To the chace, to the
chace!"

Our pleasure transports us, how gay flies the
hour!

Sweet health and quick spirits attend;
Not sweeter when evening convenes to the
bower,

And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend.
See the stag just before us! He starts at the cry:
He stops---his strength fails---speak my friends--
must he die?

His innocent aspect, whilst standing at bay,
His expression of anguish and pain,
All plead for compassion---your looks seem to
say

Let him bound o'er his forests again.
Quick, release him to dart o'er the neighbouring
plain,

Let him live---let him bound o'er his forests
again.

AIR V.---*Marian.*

TOO happy when Edward was kind,
My father agreed to our love!
No cares e'er disorder'd my mind,
I sung as I travers'd the grove.

Like the Lark's was each note of my song,
Serene were my chearful days spent;
Whilst eve brought my shepherd along,
My Shepherd, fond love and content.

SONG VI.---*Edward.*

Who can suspect sweet Marian's faith,
That hears her softly speak?
Or doubt the candid blush of truth
Which mantles on her cheek?

Those accents never can deceive,
No guile that bosom knows;
Pure as th' untainted breath of morn,
And chaste as falling snows.

Unheeded pass'd the dancing hours
Which saw our growing flame;
The grove, the dell, the fanning breeze,
The glow of noon the same.

But now no more the dell delights,
The grove, or fanning breeze;
The taste of Nature's genuine charms
Demands the mind at ease.

AIR

AIR VII.---*Thomas.*

HOW blest our condition! how jocund our
day!

Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,
To lead the stray'd lamb to the fold!

To fetch up the kine for the maidens we love,
And guard her from noon's burning beam;
To guide her dear steps, when she leads thro'
the grove
The heifer which pants for the stream!

To carry her pail, when with milk it o'erflows,
To wait while she rests on the stile;
To gather the King-cup, the Woodbine or
Rose,
To make her a posy the while!

'Tis Fanny, the lovely, who causes my smart,
'Tis she does all maidens excel;
If you ask her dear name who has conquer'd
my heart,
'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell:
'Tis Fanny, sweet Fanny,
'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.

AIR VIII.---*Edward.*

YE happy pairs, sincere and kind,
'Tis here you taste each joy refin'd,
Fair truth and love delight to dwell
At yonder cottage on the dell.

How

How dear sweet Marian's artless sighs!
 Her's, the mild eloquence of eyes,
 When constancy's all-cheering ray
 Drives every jealous thought away.

Light as the fairy-step at morn,
 Swift passing o'er th' unbending corn;
 All other pleasures weakly move,
 The heart awake to generous love.

Far hence be doubt and tender fears!
 How blest the life which love endears!
 When truth informs the glowing cheek,
 O, love! thy transports who can speak?

AIR IX.---*Robin.*

WHEN little on the village-green
 We play'd, I learn'd to love her:
 She seem'd to me some Fairy Queen,
 So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With every simple childish art
 I try'd each day to move her:
 The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart
 To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flowers to deck her breast
 I chose---an infant lover;
 I stole the goldfinch from its nest
 To give to Patty Clover.

New

(New) A I R X.—*Sir Henry.*

PATTY flies me like a fawn,
Which, through some sequester'd lawn,
Panting, seeks the mother-deer,
Not without a panick fear
Of the gentle breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
O'er the cool sequester'd lawn
Patty flies me like a fawn.

If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted, it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees :
Thus alarm'd, with causeless fear,
Fancy paints a lover near ;
Whilst along the dewy lawn
Patty flies me like a fawn.

QUARTETTO XI.---*Sir Henry, Edward,
Robin, and Thomas.*

Sir Henry. TRUTH exalts the generous soul.

Edward. Seek him in the social bowl.

All. Seek him &c.

Edward. Mirth's the med'cine of the soul.

Sir Henry. Find him in the social bowl.

All. Find him, &c.

Robin.

Robin. Carking care consumes the soul.
Thomas. Drown him in the social bowl.
All. Drown him, &c.

Robin. Sorrow wears the weary soul.
Thomas. Sink him in the social bowl.
All. Sink him, &c.

Seek him
Find him
Drown him
Sink him } in the social bowl.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

QUINTETTO XII.---*Patty, Kitty, Fanny,
Thomas and William.*

YON Poplars which wave in the gale,
Bid the Swain be as active as day;
Let the Poplar's example prevail,
All Nature is blithesome and gay.

Patty, Kitty and Fanny.

How sweet is the song in the vale,
The song which makes vocal the
grove!
Let the the Blackbird's example prevail,
Her notes are the language of love!

Patty.

Young William is constant as light,
And Thomas has truth on his brow,
Whilst Robin resembles the blight,
Which mildews the bud on the bough.

Robin.

False Patty is changeful as air,
Inconstancy sits on her brow,
Whilst Robin still true to the fair,
Leaves its sweets to the bud on the
bough.

Chorus.

Chorus. No longer repine and complain,
Nor fill with your murmurs the grove,
For pleasure, sweet pleasure, not pain,
The fond bosom was fashion'd for
love.

A I R XIII.---*Peggy.*

K E N ye not, my blithsome bairns,
My love is Scottish Jamie,
Wha's lucking for a bonny chield
That's wander'd fra' his mamy!
Wander'd fra', &c.

O'er hill and dale, thro' bog and mire,
I gang'd along wi' Jamie,
In bonnet blue and tartain plaid
He woo'd me fra' my mamy.
Woo'd me fra', &c.

Come bring, come bring your filler here,
For ribbons, garters, glasses:
Here's Jamie, fresh fra' bra' Dundee,
Wi gear for *pratty* lasses.
Gear for *pratty*, &c.

Come buy, come buy my *pratty* maids,
And bring your filler here!
Here's Jamie, fresh fra' bra' Dundee,
Wha' brings you mickle gear.
Brings you, &c.

DUETT

DUETT XIV.--*Edward and Marian.*

Edward. MARIAN scorns each sordid pleasure,

Joys which fortune can impart:
Love alone, is real treasure,
Treasure of the feeling heart.

Marian. All yon fruitful vales possessing,
Were their flocks thy Marian's
part,

Only valu'd were the blessing
Giv'n to Edward with my heart;

Both. Only valu'd were the blessing
Giv'n, to Edward with { thy } heart.
 { my }

Giv'n, to Edward with { thy } heart,
 { my }

DUETT XV.—*Patty and Robin.*

I Heard it all behind yon trees ;
My Robin only prov'd me :
No more I'll grieve, my heart's at ease,
I'll steal away—he loves me !

Robin. I was to blame to be so wild,
My Patty only proves me;
I saw her hide, she look'd and smil'd,
I sure believe she loves me!

I saw her hide, she look'd and smil'd,
I fure believe she loves me!

C

Patty.

Patty. I'll fetch my pail and milk my kine,
 Since Robin only proves me;
 He still is true, his heart is mine;
 No more I'll grieve—he loves me!

Robin. My Patty is the sweetest lass,
 Her pouting only proves me;
 How gaily all our lives will pass,
 Since Patty truly loves me!

Both. I'll fetch { my } pail and milk { my } kine;
 { her }
 My { Robin } only proves me:
 { Patty }
 How blithe our days, I'll ne'er repine,
 Since { Robin } truly loves me.
 { Patty }

AIR XVI.—*Peggy.*

I CANN'O' like ye, gentle Sir,
 Altho' a laird ye be;
 I like a bonny Scottish lad
 Wha brought me fra' Dundee.

Haud away! Haud away!
 Wi' Jamie o'er the lea
 I gang'd along wi' free gude will,
 He's a' the world to me!

I'fe

I've gang'd wi' Jamie fra' Dundee,
 To cheer the lonesome way :
 Her cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health,
 He's frolick as the May.
 Haud away, &c.

The lavrock mounts to hail the morn,
 The lintwite swells her throat,
 But neither are sa sweet, sa clear,
 As Jamie's tunefu' note.
 Haud away ! &c.

A I R XVII.—*Marian.*

HOW can I forget the fond hour
 When Edward first offer'd his heart !
 At eve, on the green, in the bow'r,
 I trembled for fear we should part.

You left me, dear Edward, forlorn,
 When night sent the shepherds to rest ;
 I watch'd the first streaks of the mor'n,
 I saw you return, and was t'left !

A I R XVIII.—*Edward.*

WITH truth on her lips she my infancy form'd
 A stranger to falshood and art;
 She charg'd me to speak to the maid of my choice
 No language but that of the heart.

I heard her, obey'd, and when Marian's soft voice,
 Mild as love, added wings to the dart;
 Sincere my expression, tho' ardent, I spoke
 No language but that of the heart.

F I N A L E.

Sir Henry } STILL from grave to lively changing,
 and } When the poet quits his ease;
Edward. } O'er the wilds of fancy ranging,
 } How his bosom pants to please!
 } Still from grave, &c.

Robin. Tho' our love to one is bounded,
 Love the smiling child of ease;
 Yet by pretty maids surrounded,
 How delightful 'tis to please!
 Tho' our love, &c.

Patty.

Patty. Tho' I love my Robin dearly,
 More than holidays, or ease,
 Yet when lads will court me cheerly,
 Sure it is no harm to please!
 Tho' I love, &c.

Edward. Fond I mark the swell of pleasure,
 When I see the tender dove
 Flutt'ring round his heart's best treasure
 Emblem of my constant love,
 Fond I mark, &c.

Marian. Edward's faithful heart my treasure,
 Dearest object of my love;
 Poor to me all other pleasure,
 Fondly constant as the dove.
 Edward's faithful, &c.

Sir Henry } One ingenuous passion fire us,
 and } Scorning every meaner toil;
Edward. } When ambitious hope inspires us,
 'Tis to meet your fav'ring smile.
 One ingenuous, &c.

Marian.

Marian. If there is a joy transcending,
Dear as truth, content, or ease;
When to gain your smile contending,
This bright circle 'tis to please!
If there is, &c.

Chorus. If there is a joy transcending, &c.

THE END.

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